The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Brotherly Love.

Two little birds within one little nest,
The mother-bird away,
Pecked at each other's head and back and breast.
Perhaps they were at play.
Indeed, I hope they quarrelled but in jest,
That sunny summer day,
And did not really wish to hurt each other,—
Those two wee birds, both children of one mother.

It happened, while these birds were p'aying so,
Their mother being gone,
Two little boys—their names I do not know,
But call them George and John—
Close to the nest were creeping, still and slow,
The birds to gaze upon.
And then, the scene with eyes wide open viewing,
Said little John, "What are the birdies doing?"

His brother, I am sorry to confess,
Was one who chanced to be
Inclined to quarrel sometimes, more or less,
Though not with John; and he
To Johnnie's question gave reply, "I guess
The birdies don't agree.
They're angry, very angry, and 'tis passion
That makes them treat each other in this fashion."

"Oh, no!" exc'aimed the younger, with surprise
That George should tell him this;
(In love's sweet law the child was learned and wise,
And thought it were amiss
For anger between brothers to arise).
"They only play and kiss,"
Said he; "they do not quarrel, brother,
For brother's never quarrel with each other."

The Dayspring.

"But, mother, whence the butterfly,
And wild bird's song?
I cannot understand their tunes
All the day long."
"God gives the butterfly its wings,
Likewise the bee;
'Be good and pure,' the wild bird sings
To you and me."

For the Myrtle.

The Vain Butterfly.

ONE sunny morning in the month of June when everything was fair and beautiful, I sat enjoying the rich fragrance of the flowers that bloomed around me in sweet profusion in my little garden.

Suddenly I beheld a most gay and beautiful butterfly swinging on the breast of a scarlet geranium, and looking proudly and scornfully down on a little bunch of violets that grew beneath the lilac bush which stood on the opposite side of the path. The violets were smiling very sweetly and kindly at Miss Butterfly, lifting their mild blue eyes timidly to hers, and seemed to be greatly pleased with her gaudy dress.

She wore a rich golden-colored dress; you would have thought she was made of sunshine, she looked so bright. There were stripes of black—velvet they seemed to be—across her wings, and the edges were embroidered with the same material. Her shoes, and her hat were brown, and the golden plume in her hat set her beauty off to great advantage. Of course she was a fashionable young lady.

No wonder the modest violets gazed at her! for every lady likes pretty dresses and pretty faces, if those who wear them are good sensible people.

But the violets had not gazed long at Miss Butterfly, before they heard her say in a low, but

haughty tone. "Pray, stupid violets, can't you find anything else to do than stare at me? You look like mummies in your dull dresses of dark blue."

"I'm sure we did not mean to offend you, we were admiring your pretty dress, and thinking how handsome you were," said the violets.

"Oh, I have no doubt you were admiring my dress. It is very beautiful; every lady knows that, and compliments me on my good taste and fine appearance wherever I go, but it isn't necessary to stare at me as if I were a blue beard."

"No it isn't, Miss Butterfly, and you must excuse us if we were impolite," said the oldest Violet. "Come and take some of our honey for a lunch, it is sweet and cool and we would be happy to divide it with you."

"You'r very polite, thank you, but I do not visit poor people. Good morning," was Miss Butterfly's rude answer, and lifting her wings she flew across the path and went into the door of the rose tree that stood next to the violets. The roses were quite as proud as Miss Butterfly.

"Well my friends," said sweet "Lily of the valley," in her quiet gentle voice, "I think you will agree with me, that all well dressed people are not as good, or as polite as they should be, after all the blessings our heavenly Maker has given them."

"Why," said the oldest Violet "I must confess, that it seems very unreasonable in Miss Butterfly to be so harsh and uncivil in her words and tones. I do not think we treated her rudely."

"No, my dear, you did not, but on the contrary you were exceedingly kind and polite to her. I have seen Miss Butterfly before, and even her friends say she is very vain and frivolous, and very *proud* as well as vain; so do not let her unkindness trouble you, in the eyes of good people she is neither beautiful nor interesting."

"I am sorry she is is so foolish," said all the violets in a breath. "Her rude manners may make her many enemies, and people who would like her very much if she would let them, will only remember her faults, and forget her good qualities when she offends them."

"That is very true, and I fear she will have to learn a hard lesson before she is cured of her vanity. She was really very well pleased to have you praise and admire her, but was too proud to acknowledge it to such humble folks."

That night there was a large party at Madam Rose-tree's house. The lilies and violets were not invited, but they saw a number of their friends and neighbors go in at the door of Madame Rose-tree's house, by the light that the humble glow worm shed.

There was Mr. and Mrs. Black-moth, Mr. and Mrs. White-moth, they were dressed in white attire, and Mr. and Mrs. Grasshopper, Mr. and Mrs. Mosquito and their large family of sons and daughters. They were very musical, and entertained the company with their singing; and then there was old Doctor Beetle and his five daughters all in robes of black, Mr. and Mrs. Spider were there, and half a dozen folks by the name of Firefly. Their robes were so brilliant, that they added very much to the brilliancy of the party. Miss Lady-bug, and the two Miss Katydid's who sang a very old-fashioned song called Katydid, and last though not least dear old grandpa Longlegs. Of course Miss Butterfly was there and was just as gay and lively as she could be, though it was an unusual thing for her to be out in the evening. But alas for Miss Butterfly! her pleasure was soon over, for whilst she was whirling around and amusing the company, she suddenly fell, and sprained one of her ankles. Everybody felt very sorry for her, and her friends Mr. Grasshopper, Mr. Beetle and his father, the Doctor, carried her home on a rose leaf, then Doctor Beetle examined her foot and told her parents that if she would keep quiet in a few days she would be quite well again.

After several days of great pain and suffering Miss Butterfly got well, but she was greatly changed.

Dr. Beetle told her one day that the violets had sent her some honey, and were very sorry to hear of her misfortune. "I would advise you to make their acquaintance, my dear," said the old Doctor who had heard of Miss Butterfly's rudeness to the violets, "you will find them very charming folks."

"They must be very kind people to take any notice of me, after my rude treatment," said Miss Butterfly. "I'll go and see them and will try to be as kind to them and to everybody as they have been to me."

Miss Butterfly kept her word and she and the violets became good friends. She was delighted and surprised to find so much that was agreeable in such plainly dressed folks.

Anna U. L. Moseley.

Make Your Own Sunshine.

"Oh, dear, it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad! Now I've got to stay in-doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched time."

"Perhaps so;" said Uncle Jack, "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band play, and take Fido and romp on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there ain't going to be any sunshine at all, and I'll jnst have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day.

"Well, let us make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine! said Jenny, "why, how you *do* talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You havn't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now, let me give you these rules for making sunshine: "First, don't think what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly do all you can to make others happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing, too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I havn't anything to enjoy because all my dolls are old, and my picture books all torn, and—"

"Hold!" said Uncle Jack, "here's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it.

"Fun out of a newspaper!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it. And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said, "Good night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

UNCLE JACK AND LITTLE JENNIE.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember—a cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.—*Little Folks.*

Latin, or Roman?

"Charley," asked little Lotty the other day when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley grandly: "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed.

Soon she looked up from her doll again.

"Charley, I should think they'd orter have spoken Roman in Rome. Why didn't they?"

"Because they didn't want to," answered Charley, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"Oh—but—Charley!"

"Well, what is it, my chatterer?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was what, you little goose?"

Why, Lat, where they made up Latin, you know."

"Oh, go down stairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the young gentleman. "Don't you see, I'm trying to study my lesson?"

Lotty went, like a dutiful sister; but, that evening, Master Charles, who had had a talk with the teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lotty quickly.

"Yes: I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes! so I did."

"Well, Lottie, it was originally spoken by the Latins,—a people of ancient Latium, in Italy,—and afterward introduced into the Roman empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good-night.

Noble Charles!

Well, both of them had learned something that day: so there was no harm done. But the teacher did not know it was Lotty's inquiring mind he was admiring when he patted Charley's curly head.

"Snap, Be Good!"

DEAR little Snap, you funny pup,
I love to see you beg,
So cleverly do you sit up
And bend each slender leg,
Dropping the paw;
And raise your ears above your head,
Looking so very wise;
You seem to know I have some bread;
And then, such bright green eyes
I never saw.

"Your shaggy coat is long and rough,
Your tail is rougher still;
Now, Snap, I think you've had enough,
And more would make you ill—
Indeed it would.
But sister Lotty has some cake,
And so if you will sit
Quite still and good, till I say 'Take!'
Then you shall have a bit;
So, Snap, be good!"

A Girl's Sabbath Thought.

"When William comes home this morning, I shall give him good scolding, I meant to have called at his master's, and given it to him in the week; but I had not time."

This was said over the breakfast-table by the father of a family, who had reason to be displeased with his eldest son, who was an apprentice to a draper at a little distance. There was a pause after the father spoke. It was plain that the mother and the children—of whom there were three—were sorry for William. At last, the youngest child, a little girl, who sat next to her father, laid down her spoon, and, looking up in his face, said coaxingly,—

"Father dear, I want to ask something."

"Well, my love, ask away."

"Doesn't it say in the Bible, 'Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do

"Yes, my child: we must do our week's work in the week; and then we have the blessing of the Sabbath to rest in and to praise God."

"O! then, father, you mustn't scold poor William. You said that ought to have been done in the week."

The father looked at his little monitor with a smile, and said, after a moment's pause, "You are right, darling. If I forget or neglect this 'hard work' of scolding in the week it shall not be done to-day; for this is the day of love, given to us by God's love, and consecrated by a Saviour's love."

Just then, William came in; and, as the kisses went round that welcomed him home, the, others said, "You're not to be scolded, William: you're begged off because it is the Sabbath."

William, who knew very well what he had done that was wrong, colored up; and his father said—"Kiss your little sister, Willie, and try for the future to avoid doing anything that will cause you on *any day* to be scolded. To-day we will all bless God and be happy."

Oh blessed home where the love of God calls up sweet, holy family love; where parents and children try to think of and to do God's will!—*The Well-Spring.*

Summer Song.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Mary Russell Mitford.

The Blind Girl.

A poor blind girl brought to a clergyman twenty shillings for the missionary cause.

"You are a poor blind girl," said he, "and cannot afford to give so much."

"Yes, sir, I am blind; but I can afford it better than you suppose."

"How so?"

"I am, sir, a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure in the last winter it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

Take Care of the Fox.

SHE spoke out suddenly, a sigh of relief following the sentence, "I'm glad of one thing!" It was my little Helen. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture-book in her hand.

"Glad of what?" I asked.

"That I'm not a hen," she answered, lifting her serious eyes to mine.

"Not a hen! Why, darling! what do you mean?"

She brought me her book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed the quiet of her mind. The picture of a mother hen frightened at the appearance of a fox was on the open page.

"Poor thing! How scared she is!" said the child, tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"Oh, I'm glad that I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful."

And I saw a little shiver run over her.

"Maybe you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, any how, a fox wouldn't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Claire say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said, 'Take care of the little foxes.'"

"Oh yes, I remember now, and I couldn't help wondering what she meant."

"She didn't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew she didn't mean them. Are there any other kind of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"Oh, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Are there any foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling, and you are in as much danger from them as the bird you so pitied just now."

There was a half-scared, half-wondering expression in my little girl's face.

"Oh, I understand!" she said, a faint smile playing about her lips. "By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes. Foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was; how he 'sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under;' and how our Lord called him 'that fox.'"

"Oh, yes! I remember. And it was because he was cruel that he was called a fox?"

"Yes. The evil and cruel feelings, represented by foxes in nature, had destroyed all the kind and compassionate feelings in his heart, and made him inwardly as cunning and cruel as a fox. And this same thing is happening now, and every day. I have seen a great many people, children even, who appeared to me more like foxes than lambs; more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty towards each other. Oh, my child, take care of the fox!

When the Mail Comes In.

SLOW and sad are the hours
Till the mail comes in;
Oh! weary are the hours
Till the mail comes in.
For then my fancy wends
Its way to absent friends,
And my heart to sadness tends
Till the mail comes in.

Slow and sad are the days
That no mail comes in;
Oh! weary are the days
That no mail comes in.
When I in the morning rise,
How leaden seem the skies!
And I think, with heavy sighs,
That no mail comes in.

But, happy are the days
That the mail comes in;
Bright and short are the days
That the mail comes in.
Though the rain be falling fast
My work is soon all past,
For the time has come at last,
When the mail comes in.

But, hark! I hear the clock tell
That the mail's come in!
So I must my singing stop,
Now the mail's come in.
So I to my bedroom hie,
And to get my hat I fly,
For my spirits are sky-high.
When the mail comes in!

—*Lucy Stuart.*

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate: "What is prayer?" The little girl took the slate and pencil and wrote the reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

The Concert at the Bank.

We are going to take from the *Guiding Star*, with thanks for the privilege, a letter from Avon Ill., which is quite "as good as a made-up story." Indeed we think it is better, and so will the children, if they enjoy it half as much as we did. The story is this:

"I suppose you do not know much about us here, and for the purpose of becoming better acquainted, I will tell you of a little circumstance that lately transpired here, hoping it may serve to encourage you, and also stimulate little folks to do something to lighten the labor of Superintendents and teachers in keeping their schools supplied with good papers. Our Sunday School gave two Concerts last winter in which all the scholars and teachers participated. The proceeds of the first was applied for the benefit of the poor of the town and the second for our own Sunday School.

A few days after the last one, a child called on her father, saying:

"Pa, may we have a concert in the bank?"

"Yes, if it will answer after business hours. How many are there in your concert?

"Oh! about eleven."

"Who are they?"

"Oh! just me and Gracie and Minnie and them."

"Well, go ahead, and when you want the room I'll fix it for you."

Nothing more was heard of concert for a week, except the occasional sound of childish melody floating from an obscure corner in the woodshed or chamber, as they met to practice at each other's homes.

"Pa, we want the stage fixed. Our concert is to-morrow night."

"All right! I'll have it ready."

Three wide boards were fixed up for a stage; a wire stretched in front, from which suspended two bed quilts, borrowed of mother, for a curtain. One big brother advertised for them by writing on the sidewalk with chalk: CONCERT AT THE BANK TONIGHT. Another brother offered to be doorkeeper. The time arrived and sixty-three friends gained admittance at five cents each. Now all was ready; the curtain drawn by the manager, a ten year-old gentleman, and eight little voices joined in a greeting song which was performed in a manner creditable to much older singers.

I think if you had been here you would have joined in the laugh that broke from the whole audience, when five-year-old Grant came forward leading five-year-old Lulu and said: "I had a little wife, the prettiest ever was seen. She washed all my things and kept the house clean. She went to the mill to get me some flour, and got back home in less than an hour." And she thus replied: "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb. I put him in a pint cup and there bid him drum. I bought him a kandkerchief to wipe his little nose. I bought some little garters to tie his little hose."

This was followed by songs, quartettes and choruses, all so well performed that they were re-called untill nearly the whole performance was repeated. The whole closed with a good night song which brought moisture to many eyes.

The concert was a success. But now came the tug, What should they do with the money? They had actually taken in three dollars and fifteen cents. They had meetings and private consultations and inquiries of mammas, until at last it was settled. Four of the number thought they earned the money themselves and wanted to spend it for their own use. Master Grant wanted to deposit his in the bank like the men; but, when the others decided to give theirs to the Sunday School, he generously donated five cents from his share.

And now, Dear Editor, if you can ever find time to treat yourself to a vacation and will call at our village, these same little vocalists will be glad to show you how highly they value *The Guiding Star* by singing their choicest songs."

The Children's Meeting.

The Children's Meeting was held at Tremont Temple on Wednesday May 28th. Although the Wednesday of Anniversary Week is "May Training" day, yet all the music and military cannot keep the boys out of the Children's Meeting, when three o'clock arrives. The meeting this year was as large as ever,—by far the largest of the week. The platform was fully decorated with flowers and a festal air was given to the whole place by the multitude of children, gaily dressed and with happy faces, who filled the entire floor of the hall.

But when we come to the programme, it was somewhat like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Two things were sadly missed. Rev. Mr. Dodge of Connecticut, who has delighted the children on former occasions, and who would have done so on this occasion without doubt if he could have had the chance, was not present. And the best speech in the world from other lips would hardly make his place good to the children who had come to hear *him*. Then the young violinist we spoke of last week, M'lle Brousil, was unable to be present.

But if these had not been promised, we should not have realised, perhaps, that we had lost anything. Rev. Dr. Bolles of Salem, made the first speech, interesting the children with what was in a drop of water, and what was on the leaf of a plant, and so drawing lessons of the power the wisdom and the goodness of God.

Rev. Dr. Miner took for the text of his talk "God our Sun," making also the flowers his ministers in helping him to preach his little sermon.

Rev. Mr. Demarest who took the place assigned to Mr. Dodge, talked about *Angels*. He made the children tell a part of the story, by asking them questions about their recent lessons, on the one-lesson series, where the story of Jacob was told, and especially about Jacob's dream. He told a story of a little boy in his Sunday School who couldn't understand what they needed the ladder for. "Why didn't the angels *fly*, if they had wings?" Mr. Demarest and the children concluded that angels didn't have wings; and also that no one needed to wait to die before becoming an angel. Angels are beings sent to do God's errands, whether in this world or any other. And "whosoever doeth the will of my father" is already an angel.

The singing of the occasion was very fine, under the leadership of Mr. Newcomb. A "Festival Chorus"—written by Mr. J. Q. Hoyt Jr., of New York who kindly acted as organist—was of great merit, and finely sung by a choir selected from the children. Also the "Blue bird Carol" the words by Mrs. C. A. Soule, was especially enjoyable. In the latter the singing of the solo by a little boy with one of the sweetest of high soprano voices, was something quite wonderful.

Altogether, the Children's Meeting was a success, with nothing to mar its pleasure, but the regret that *all* the good things promised could not have been at hand.

——If you whould be polite abroad, cultivate politeness at home.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XIII.—JOHN.

NOTE. The fact that his brother James is always mentioned first, in the early part of the time that the two brothers were followers of Jesus, (Matt. iv. 21, x. 2, xvii. 1)implies that John was the younger of the two. But later in the ministry of the Saviour, John's name is invariably placed before that of his brother James, (as in Luke ix, 28.)when the two brothers are mentioned together, showing that John was regarded by the Master as the abler minister of his truth.

Question. — What was the name of John's father?

Answer. — Matt iv. 21.

Q. — What was the name of his mother?

A. — Matt xxvii. 56. Mark xv. 40. xvi. 1.

Q. — Where does the home of the family seem to have been?

A. — John i. 44

Q. — What circumstance would show that the family was in comfortable worldy circumstances?

A. — Mark i. 20.

Q. — What other fact shows that John was not very poor?

A. — John xix. 27.

Q. — Does the father of John and James raise any objection when his sons are called by Christ to his ministry?

A. — Matt iv. 21, 22.

NOTE. This reference is the only information we possess of the father of John and James. Their mother is frequently mentioned. And the readiness with which the brothers followed Jesus when he called them, and the evident willingness of the father that they should leave him and his business, lead us to the conclusion that the whole family were followers of John the Baptist, and were prepared by him for the coming of the Saviour.

The Myrtle for 1872-3.

The volume of THE MYRTLE for 1872-3 has just closed, and bound volumes of it are for sale at the Universalist Publishing House. Price, $1 50.

Those who have saved the numbers for the year, can have them bound in the fine style of the volume of last year, for 75 cents.

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Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 64 letters.

My 10, 42, 23, 47, 17, 3, 15, 36 was the mother of Ahaziah.

My 30, 49, 16, 33, 44, 18, 48, 24, 35 was used for aprons.

My 50, 46, 26, 47, 57, 7, 61, 45 was a son of Ishmael.

My 10, 53, 52, 41, 62, 63 47, 19 was sold for fourscore pieces of silver.

My 47, 26, 29, 39, 21 was a river of Damascus.

My 59, 47, 56, 18, 33, 34 was a son of Merari.

My 18, 26, 40, was the mother of Hezekiah.

My 59, 3, 19, 40, 1, 50, 34, 13, 51, 58 were put to flight by 300 men.

My 31, 64, 24, 26 was the name of the rock on which Midian was slain.

My 1, 26, 19, 54, 8 had forty sons and thirty nephews.

My 2, 32, 33, 20 shall feed with the lamb.

My 27, 8, 19, 51, 25, 6, 22, 1, 50, 19, 40, 39, 16 was what God gave to Solomon.

My 47, 59, 1, 33, 51, 11 was the son of Eliphaz.

My 38, 2, 17, 4 was what Job was a companion of.

My 37, 60, 55, 28 is the kind of answer that turneth away wrath.

My 50, 5, 14, 12, 9, 49, 29, 43 was a son of Hachaliah.

My whole is a well known proverb.

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